

THE

(3.)

BEAUX

STRATAGEM.

A

COMEDY.

Written by Mr. *FARQUHAR*.



LONDON,

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M. DCC. XX.



P R O

When strife dist
Keen Satyr is
When the Plain-D
Which then infest
But now, when f
And all our yout
When thro' GRE
The trumps of Fa
When ANNA's S
And her example
There scarce is ro
Must be, or song
But as in ground
And poppies rise a
Our product so fir
Must mix with l
A weed that has
Shoots up in stalk
Simpling our Au
And culls such F
And thanks to N
For rain, or shi
Pollies, to-night
Yet, such as Na
Nor can the pic
Or Fools are m



PROLOGUE.

When strife disturbs or sloth corrupts an age,
Keen Satyr is the business of the Stage.
When the Plain-Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
Which then infested most—the modish times:
But now, when faction sleeps and sloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT-BRITAIN's fair extensive round,
The trumps of Fame the notes of union sound;
When ANNA's Scepter points the Laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force:
There scarce is room for Satyr; all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.
But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears;
Our product so fit for the field or school,
Must mix with Nature's favourite plant—a Fool:
A weed that has to twenty summer's ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from field to field,
And culls such Fools, as may diversion yield.
And thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For rain, or shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies, to-night we shew, ne'er lash'd before,
Yet, such as Nature shews you every hour.
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For Fools are made for jests to Men of sense.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

AIMWELL, } Two Gentlemen of broken fortunes,
 & } the first as Master, and the second
 ARCHER, } as Servant.

Count BELLAIR, A French Officer, prisoner at
Litchfield.

SULLEN, A country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.

FREEMAN, A Gentleman from *London.*

FOIGARD, A Priest, Chaplain to the French Officers.

GIBBET, A High-way-man.

HOUNSLOW, } His companions.
 BAGSHOT, }

BONNIFACE, Landlord of the Inn.

SCRUB, Servant to Mr. *Sullen.*

Lady BOUNTIFUL, An old civil country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and is foolishly fond of her Son *Sullen.*

DORINDA, Lady *Bountiful's* Daughter.

Mrs. SULLEN, her Daughter-in-law.

GIPSEY, Maid to the Ladies.

CHERRY, The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.

SCENE, LITCHFIELD.



BEAUX

A

SC

Enter

B C

CHamberlain
 all asleep,

En

Cherry. Here,

Oye think we have

Ben You deserve

The company of th

all this hour, and

pers.

Cher. And let 't

eat in the Coach,

Don. But they t

Cher. That the

ould overturn th



THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

Enter Bonniface running.

B O N N I F A C E.

C Hamberlain! Maid! *Cherry!* Daughter *Cherry!*
all asleep, all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cherry. Here, here; Why d'ye baul so. Father?
O ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx;—
The company of the *Warrington* Coach has stood in the
hall this hour, and no body to shew them to their cham-
bers.

Cher. And let 'em wait Father; there's neither Red-
coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman
should overturn them to-morrow—Coming, coming:

A 3

Here's

Here's the *London Coach* arriv'd.

Enter several people with trunks, band boxes, and other luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen — Chamberlain shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*. [Exit with the Company]

Enter Aimwell in a riding habit, Archer as Footman carrying a Portmantle

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and feed my horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O Sir—What will your Honour please to drink as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much famous for Ale, I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be fourteen year old the fifth day of next *March* old stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my Children: I'll shew you such ale—Here, Tapster, broach number 1696. as the saying is;—Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*;—I have liv'd in *Litchfield* man and boy above eight and fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight and fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir, I have fed purely upon

have eat my ale,
upon ale.

Enter T

Now, Sir, you sh

health; ha! delici

only fancy it,

Aim. (drinks.)

Bon. Strong! I

strong that drink it

Aim. And have

Bon. Eight and

kill'd my Wife,

Aim. How cam

Bon. I don't kno

take its natural

every now and the

an honest Gentlem

made her a present

but the poor Wom

I was obliged to th

Aim. Why, w

Bon. My Lady

did what could be

es, but the four

am contented, as

Aim. Who's tha

Bon. Ods my lif

My Lady *Bountyfu*

last husband Sir *Ch*

and pound a year

n't incharitable

he cures rheumat

Men; green sickn

her in Women;

Chil-blains in Chil

people in and abou

STRATAGEM. 7

I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a bottle and glass.

Now, Sir, you shall see (*filling it out*) your Worship's health; ha! delicious, delicious, — fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. (*drinks.*) 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it? [lord?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, Land-

Bon. Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a present of a dozen bottles of *Uisquebaugh* — but the poor Woman was never well after: But howe'er, I was obliged to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the *Uisquebaugh* that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountyful* said so: — She, good Lady, did what could be done, she cured her of three *Tympnies*, but the fourth carry'd her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountyful*, you mention'd?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health. [*drinks.*] My Lady *Bountyful* is one of the best of women: Her late husband Sir *Charles Bountyful* left her worth a thousand pound a year; and I believe she lays out one half in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours: she cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in Men; green sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in Women; the Kings evil, chin-cough, and chil-blains in Children; in short, she has cured more people in and about *Litchfield* within ten years than the

Doctors have kill'd in twenty ; and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a Daughter by Sir Charles, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest fortune. She has a Son too by her first Husband, Square Sullen, who marry'd a fine Lady from London t'other day if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a Man is he ?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith : But he's a Man of a great estate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportsman, I suppose ?

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of pleasure, he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. And marry'd, you say ?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir ;—But he's a—He wants it, here, Sir. [Pointing to his forehead]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business, he's my Landlord, and so a Man you know, wou'd not—But—I cod, he's no better than—Sir, my humble Service to you (drinks). Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter day, I have a good running trade, I have but one Daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface ; pray what other company have you in Town ?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies ; and then we have the French Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen : Pray how do you like their company ?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em ; they're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we pay'd good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em

lodge in my

Arch. Landlord, below that ask for

Bon. I'll wait on Town, as the say

Arch. I can't tell

Bon. Come from

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow, I'll wait on

Aim. The coast welcome to Litchy

Arch. I thank t

Aim. Iniquity change your stile

Arch. Don't n maxim, that ther

so shameful as po

Aim. The Wo tho' Men won't o

worthy Lord, m to sup with him t

Arch. Jack H mannerly, sharp

pany in Town.

Aim. Right ; laughter t'other d

Arch. Why, ket, and a good

gure, and rides i side behind.

Aim. But did park last week ?

'em lodges in my house.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em;—Does your Master stay long in Town, as the saying is? [*To Archer.*]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*!

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow this. I beg your Worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*]

Aim. The coast's clear, I see,—Now my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in iniquity.

Aim Iniquity! prithee leave canting; you need not change your stile with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every day in its practice. tho' Men won't own it for their opinion. Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, single out of the side-box to sup with him t'other night?

Arch. *Jack Handycraft*, a handsom, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best company in Town.

Aim. Right; and pray who marry'd my Lady *Manlaughter* t'other day, the great fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pickpocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handsom figure, and rides in his Coach, that he formerly us'd to ride behind.

Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the park last week?

A 5

Arch.

Arch. Yes, with his autumnal perriwig, shading his melancholly face, his coat older than any thing but in fashion, with one hand idle in his pocket, and with the other picking his useless teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lyon in a desert.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no crime upon earth but the want of money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor; Idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle; Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but Men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topick we proceed, and I think luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any man swear now that I am a Man of quality, and you my Servant? when our intrinsic value were known—

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of our selves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in Government; we have heads to get money and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant 'ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they have brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, cloaths, rings, &c. Why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people, and let me tell you besides, that this two hundred Pound with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent—Our Friends indeed began to suspect that our pockets were low; but we came off with flying colours, shew'd no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and since enough for me, but you, our Friend, are suffering.

Arch. Why far come to that. I am sure you will upon this fail, we'll reserve a scarf, where we'll cut a scarf, where we'll cut a scarf.

Aim. With all your Archer, we can't but that we have a

Arch. Right, for we have had our money go to the far well, we have had the greatest pleasures, for we are sure of, those

Aim. It has often been inhumane to those that by sacrifice all the rest—You regulate, and in the other four: Others who shall starve and famish their own, and in any sort confine to their spacious

Arch. Right; where they consume, we have much to sense by one experiment and feeling ample will tell you, that sixth sense that gives us five put together

Aim. And to pass, I think those

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pre-
 mence enough for our sudden disappearing; and I war-
 rant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volun-
 teering.

Arch. Why faith, if this prospect fails, it must e'en
 come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds if
 you will upon this Knight-errantry; but in case it should
 fail, we'll reserve the t'other to carry us to some coun-
 tercarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly,
Arch. we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes,
 but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right. so much pleasure for so much money,
 we have had our penyworths; and had I Millions, I
 wou'd go to the same market again. O *London, London!*
 well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful.
 Past pleasures, for ought I know are best; such we
 are sure of, those to come may disappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the heart of me, to see how
 some inhumane wretches murder their kind fortunes;
 those that by sacrificing all to one appetite, shall starve
 all the rest—You shall have some that live only in their
 palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the o-
 ther four: Others are only Epicures in appearances, such
 who shall starve their nights to make a figure a-days,
 and famish their own to feed the eyes of others: A con-
 trary sort confine their pleasures to the dark, and con-
 tract their spacious acres to the circuit of a muff string.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that spot
 where they consume 'em; and I think your kind keep-
 ers have much the best on't; for they indulge the most
 senses by one expence; there's the Seeing, Hearing,
 and Feeling amply gratify'd; and some Philosophers
 will tell you, that from such a commerce there arises a
 sixth sense that gives infinitely more pleasure than the o-
 ther five put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other extremity, of all keep-
 ers, I think those the worst that keep their money.

Arch.

Arch. Those are the most miserable wights in being, they destroy the rights of nature, and disappoint the blessings of Providence. Give me a Man that keeps his five senses keen and bright as his sword: that has 'em always drawn out in their just order and strength, with his Reason as Commander at the head of 'em; that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever party of pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least appearance of disadvantage or danger — For my part I can stick to my bottle, while my wine, my company, and my reason holds good; I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* singing without falling in love with her face; I love hunting, but wou'd not, like *Alceon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine house, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our sport; you can't counterfeit the passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the country Ladies; — And let me tell you *Frank*, the Fool in that passion shall outdoe the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now, you command for the day, and so I submit; — At *Nottingham* you know I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln* I again.

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount; which, I think shall be our last stage; for if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! Mum,

Enter Boniface.

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a Pig at the fire.

Aim. Good sup
beef, Landlord

Arch. And I hat

Aim. Hold you
you are?

Bon. Please to b
thing in the house.

Aim. Have you

Bon. Veal! Sir
last.

Aim. Have you

Bon. As for fish,
and indifferently p
and then for wildf
Rabbets.

Aim. Get me t

Bon. Fricas'y'd!
mother'd with on

Arch. Pshaw!

Aim. Again,
please; but hold,

your house is so fu
be safer in your cu

low of mine gets
rah, reach me the

Arch. Yes, Sir, —

Aim. Here, I
both for your sec

above two hundre
to you after suppe

have it at a minut
dubious at present

hour, perhaps I m
that be spent: and

horses always saddle
leg, that you w

Anno Domini, as

Jim. Good supper-meat, I must confess,—I can't eat beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Jim. Hold your prating, Sirrah, do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else, I have every thing in the house.

Jim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on *Wednesday* last.

Jim. Have you got any fish or wildfowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town; and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; and then for wildfowl,—we have a delicate couple of Rabbits.

Jim. Get me the rabbits fricas'y'd.

Bon. Fricas'y'd! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

Arch. Pshaw! damn your onions.

Jim. Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,—This will give us a reputation. [*Aside.*
(Brings the Box.)

Jim. Here, Landlord, the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present, perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent: and pray order your Ostler to keep my horses always saddled. But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;—For he's the most insufferable

rable Sot—Here, Sirrah, light me to my chamber.

[Exit lighted by Archer]

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry?

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why, sure Father the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps on a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay, ten to one, Father, he's a High-way-man.

Bon. A High-way-man! upon my life, Girl, you have hit it; and this Box is some new purchased booty. Now cou'd we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang?

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The Master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the Man upon the black mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own—Look ye Child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work. Proofs we must have; the Gentleman's Servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one loves wench, you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my secret for him?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. (Ringing without.) Coming, coming—Child, mind your business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father? my Father! I deny it—My Mother was a good, generous, freehearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might

might have extended
this Landlord of
more, would
Daughter into the

Arch. What Fool
to be the subject of

Cher. Whoever
better for't.

Arch. I hope so,

Cher. Suppose I

Arch. Why then

minute I came in,

should make love

Cher. Love to n

Arch. Yes, Ch

Cher. Child! M

nance, Friend, it

Arch. Distance

Cher. A pretty

Sir, you see, Sir

to be intrusted wit

lets me a degree ab

it affronted.

Arch. Let me l

you whether you c

you have a pair of

what to do with'er

Cher. Why, Si

Arch. Ay, but

all every body—

make love to you

Cher. Why, d

efore?

Arch. Never to

u, Madam, m

might have extended for the good of her Children,
Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him
more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his
daughter into the bargain,—By a Footman too!

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray Mistress, is so happy as
to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the
better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the
minute I came in, I was a considering in what manner
I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners: if you kept a little more dis-
tance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, sauce box. (*going.*)

Cher. A pretty Fellow! I like his pride,—Sir, pray,
Sir, you see, Sir, (*Archer returns.*) I have the credit
to be intrusted with your Master's fortune here, which
sets me a degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you
won't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell
you whether you can affront me or no—S'death, Child,
you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know
what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some women had 'em, they wou'd
kill every body—Prithee, instruct me, I wou'd fain
make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body
before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure
you, Madam, my addresses have been always confin'd
to

to people within my own sphere, I never aspir'd to high before.

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight, &c.*

(*Aside*)

Cher. What can I think of this man?
Will you give me that song, Sir?

(*Aside*)

Arch. Ay, my Dear, take it while 'tis warm.

[*Kisses her.*] Death and fire! her lips are honey-comb.

Cher. And I wish there had been Bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This Fellow is mis-begotten as well as I.

(*Aside.*) What's your name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad, I have forgot it.

(*Aside*)

Oh, *Martin*.

Cher. where were you born?

Arch. In *St. Martin's* parish.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. *St. Martin's* parish.

Cher. Then, Friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiss!

(*Kisses her*)

(*Call. without,* Cherry, Cherry)

Cher. I'mm—My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare.

Arch.

if you were in

and 't thou been a

Rake in Christene

Sil. I shou'd n

which a Man can

hundred friendsh

think on't, how

Mel. He's my

Sil. Vapours!

Mel. What do

Sil. I say, tha

so inhumanly.

and besides that,

that's sacred, if y

satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfacti

breeches in good

like *Worthy* the w

Captain; for I ta

early Coxcomb.

Sil. O, Madan

you were Mistres

only knew him

Worthy for a settle

age him to be a li

Mel. What do y

Sil. My meanin

Mel. Better it h

to plain.

Sil. If you mea

your Ladyship's as

Mel. Were I su

with a rakehell y C

Sil. Again! Look

Mel. And if you

shou'd you.

Sil. Don't be tr

are my visit retr

if you were in breeches. O, my Conscience, *Silvia*.
 Had'st thou been a Man, thou had'st been the greatest
 Rake in Christendom.

Sil. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the world,
 which a Man can never do throughly, without half a
 hundred friendships, and as many amours. But now I
 think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Sil. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Sil. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest fellow
 so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of parts and fortune;
 and besides that, he's my *Plume's* Friend; and by all
 that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect
 satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! You begin to fancy your self in
 breeches in good earnest— But to be plain with you, I
 like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your
 Captain; for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly
 Coxcomb.

Sil. O, Madam! You never saw him perhaps since
 you were Mistress of twenty thousand Pounds; you
 only knew him when you were capitulating with
Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage
 him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Sil. My meaning needs no interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam, for methinks you are
 too plain.

Sil. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think
 your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up
 with a rakehellly Officer as you do.

Sil. Again! Look'e Madam, you're in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have ex-
 pected you.

Sil. Don't be troubl'd, Madam, I shan't desire to
 have my visit return'd.

E

Mel.

18 THE RECRUITING

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Sil. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations, so, Madam, your humble Servant. [Exit]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her Fellow.

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it — Let me see — have it — Bring me pen and ink — hold, I'll go write in my closet

Luc. An answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam. [Presents a Letter]

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tir'd of him; send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exit]



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A

SCENE

Enter Judy

B

Look'e, Captain and you shan't see me years of the but in the Officer's but news papers nothing but play a the Enemy; but r standards, and P us but another er a Soldier. —

Plume. Pray, Mr. L

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A C T I I.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance, and Plume.

B A L L A N C E.

Look'e, Captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want Men. I remember that for some years of the last War, we had no blood, no wounds, but in the Officer's mouths; Nothing for our Millions but news papers not worth a reading—Our Army did nothing but play at prison bars, and hide and seek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners—Ad's my life, Captain, give us but another Marshal of *France*, & I'll go my self for a Soldier.—

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! what is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France*? We're upon a nobler subject, I want to have a particular description of the Battle of *Hockstat*.

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty battel as ye shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the battle; all that I know of the matter is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but say the word, we'll do't agen. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs *Silvia*?

Ball. Still upon *Silvia*! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War, Victory is your Mistress, and it is below a Soldier to think of any other.

B 2

Plume.

20 THE RECRUITING

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess; but as a Friend, *Mr. Ballance.*

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the matter; wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Ball. Faith, but she is, Sir, and any Woman in England of her age and complexion, by a Man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine werethen; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks; the favour Sir, that—

Ball. Pho, I hate speeches; if I have done you any service, Captain, 'twas to please my self, for I love thee; and if I could part with my Girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more honour than to quit the Service, and more prudence than to follow the Camp: but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred Pound in her pocket, and so, *Silvia, Silvia!*

Enter Silvia.

Sil. There are some Letters, Sir, come by the Post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from Germany, (*Plume enters.*) Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my Letters, and wait on you. [*Exit Ball.*]

Sil. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, Madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand.

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[*Exit*]

Serv. Madam, r

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Plume. Ill news.

the principal cause of my seeing *England*.

Sil. I have often heard that Soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe publick report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private insinuation; for I swear, Madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making my self more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, it was for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Sil. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that parchment, which was drawn the evening before the Battel of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Sil. Mrs. *Silvia Ballance*, (*Opens the Will and reads.*) Well, Captain, this is a handsome, and a substantial complement; but I can assure you, I am much better pleas'd with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I shou'd have been in the possession of your Legacy: methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to our little Boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home (*Aside.*) My little Boy! Lackaday, Madam, that alone may convince you 't was none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Sergeant's wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was other, in hopes that my Friends might support her in case of necessity.—That was all, Madam.—My Boy! no, no, no.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Master has receiv'd some ill news from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the Captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill news! Heavens avert it; nothing cou'd touch

22 THE RECRUITING

touch me nearer than to see that generous world Gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to comfort him and be assur'd, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Silvia*, he shall freely command both.

Sil. The necessity must be very pressing that would engage me to endanger either. (*Exeunt several*)

SCENE, another Apartment.

Enter Ballance and Silvia.

Sil. Whilst there is life there is hopes, Sir, perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball. We have but little reason to expect it; Doctor *Kilman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to his hands, he fears I shall have no Son — Poor *Owen*! — the decree is just, I was pleas'd with the death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an Heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my Family, and I expect that the augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh thoughts, and new prospects.

Sil. My desire of being punctual in my obedience requires that you would be plain in your commands, Sir.

Ball. The death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about two hundred pounds a year: This Fortune gives you a claim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just value upon your self, and in plain terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Sil. You have often commended the Gentleman,

Ball. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and family. Fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust

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Ball. Put four

his hands, and it might do the young Fellow a kindness; but,—od's my life, twelve hundred Pounds a year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his brain. A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a year! 'Tis a prodigy in nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate: Oh! that wou'd make him stark mad; For you must know, that all Captains have a mighty aversion to timber, they can't endure to see trees standing. Then I shou'd have some Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd magick art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornish's, portalls, fashies, birds, beasts, and Devils, to adorn some magoty new fashion'd bauble upon the Thames; and then you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardner bring a Habeas corpus for my Terra firma, remove it to Chelsea, or Twittenham, and clap it into grass-plats, and gravel-walks.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is one with a Letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, shew me the Messenger, (*Ex. with Servant*)

Sil. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince Prettyman exactly.—If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Sister! 'Tis bad both ways: I'll try it again. — Follow my own inclinations, and break my Father's heart; or obey his commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate fortune, a pretty Fellow, and a Pad; or a fine Estate, a Coach and six, and a Maid—That will never do neither.

Enter Ballance and servant.

Ball. Put four Horses into the Coach. (*To a Servant,*
B 4 *who*

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who goes out.] Ho *Silvia*!

Sil. Sir.

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Sil. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me, since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Sil. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Silvia*, I must beg that once in your life you wou'd grant me a favour.

Sil. Why shou'd you question it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the authority of a Parent, but as the advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this moment, and go into the Country.

Sil. Does this advice, Sir, proceed from the contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons.—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Sil. Propose the thing, Sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of your self to any Man, without my consent.

Sil. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent; and so, *Silvia*, the coach is ready. Farewell. (*Leads her to the door, and returns.*) Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads*]

S I R,

M*y intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain Plume, and my friendship, and relation to your Family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The Captain has dishonourable designs upon my Cousin Silvia. Evils of this nature are*

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more easily prevented, immediately send me

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Ball. Hold, Si

more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my Cousin into the country, is the advice of
SIR, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time. Had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell tales beforehand is monstrous.—Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe; and why not a hat and a Father? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your Servant:

Wor. I am sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill news.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he is dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I'm satisfy'd: The strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body?

Ball. You know, I ought to be.

Wo. You wrong my honour, Sir, in believing I shou'd know any thing to your prejudice, without relating it as much as you should.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a design upon *Silvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do my self justice, and endeavour to find out the Author. (*Takes up a bit.*) Sir, know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, *Melinda* shall tell me.

(*Going.*)

Ball. Hold, Sir; the contents I have told you already,

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dy, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me such a power over her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand. 'Twas the luckiest accident! (*Gathering up the Letter.*) The aspersions, Sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs. *Silv*.

Ball. Are you sure of that Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the history of part of the battle, just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the news of her Brother's death, that to avoid company, she beg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the Coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir! — I find her fortune will give her the same airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plaza* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough; Women are as subject to pride as we are; and why mayn't great Women, as well as great Men, forget their old acquaintance? But come, where is this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a Rascal — I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho' (*Aside.*) Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Ball. Your pardon dear *Worthy*, I must allow a day or two to the death of my Son: The decorum of mourning is what we owe the World, because they pay it to us again. Afterwards I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant, [*Exeunt several*]

SCENE

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, with a Mob in each hand drunk. Kite sings.

*Our Prentice Tom may now refuse,
To wipe his scoundrel Master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills, and far away—Over, &c.)*

(The Mob sing the Chorus,

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day;
Over the hills and far away—Over, &c.)*

Kite. Hey boys! Thus we Soldiers live; drink, sing, dance, play: We live as one should say—we live—'Tis impossible to tell how we live—We are all Princes—why—why you are a King—You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince—Now—an't we?

1st Mob. No, Serjeant, I'll be no Emperor.

Kite. No!

1st Mob. No, I'll be a Justice of peace.

Kite. A Justice of peace, Man!

1st Mob. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Justice of peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a Rum Duke, an't I?

2d Mob. Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d Mob. I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d Mob. Ay, Queen of England, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, Faith; Huzza for the Queen. (Huzza!) But heark'ee, you Mr. Justice, and you Mr.

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Mr. Queen, did you never see the Queen's picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as like her Majesty, God blefs the mark. See here, they are in Gold.

Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket, gives one to each Mob.

1st *Mob.* The wonderful works of Nature!

(*Looking at it.*)

2d *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a posy, I believe, *Ca ro lus*—What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*!—why *Carolus* is Latin for Queen Ann; that's all.

2d *Mob.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among Friends you know; I'll present them to you both: You shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the hills and far away. (*They sing, and put up the Money.*)

Enter Plume singing.

*Over the hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.*

Come on my Men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are these hearty Lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; Ounds off with your hats. This is the Captain, the Captain.

1st *Mob.* We have seen Captains afore-now, mun.

2d *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too: S'fiesh! I'll keep on my nab.

1st *Mob.* And I'se scarcely doff mine for any Captain in England: My Vether's a Frecholder,

Plume.

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2d *Mob.* No, r

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Plume. What's

too rough with

Kite. I'm too

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1st *Mob.* Shot,

Plume. Come,

1st *Mob.* We do

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Kite. They disc

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2d *Mob.* Nay,

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our Worship's pa

Plume. Who are these jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave Fellows, that are willing to serve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as Volunteers under your Honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1st Mob. Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you list'd.

2d Mob. Flesh! Not I: Are you *Costar*?

1st Mob. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not list'd! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest faith.

1st Mob. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! For shame, Gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*.

2d Mob. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay then, I command you to stay: I place you both Centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch the motion of St. *Mary's* Clock, you; and you the motion of St. *Chad's*: And he that dares stir from his post, shall be reliev'd, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you're too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They disobey command; and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

1st Mob. Shot, *Tummas*!

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

1st Mob. We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, Sir—but—

Kite. They disobey command, they deny their being shot.

2d Mob. Nay, Serjeant, we don't down right deny neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot: but we humbly conceive in a civil way, and begging your Worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume.

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Plume. That's easily known; have either of you received any of the Queen's money?

1st Mob. Not a brass farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them received three and twenty Shillings and six-pence, and 'tis now in their pockets.

1st Mob. Wounds, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent six-pence, I'll be content to be lifted, and shot into the bargain.

2d Mob. And I, look ye here, Sir.

1st Mob. Ay, here's my stock too. Nothing but the Queen's picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a broad piece, three and twenty shillings and six-pence, the t'other has the fellow on.

Plume. The case is plain, Gentlemen, the goods are found upon you: Those pieces of Gold are worth three and twenty and sixpence each.

1st Mob. So it seems that *Carolus* is three and twenty shillings and six pence in *Latin*.

2d Mob. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are lifted.

1st Mob. Flesh! but we an't *Tummas*: I desire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain. (*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*)

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*—Your damn'd trick will ruin me at last—I won't lose the fellows tho', I can help it—Well, Gentlemen, there must be some trick in this, my Serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly lifted.

2d Mob. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks but for me, or neighbour *Costar* here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain; if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to death, you Dog—Come, how was't?

2d Mob. Nay then, we will speak; your Serjeant as you say, is a Rogue, begging your Worship's pardon—and—

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Plume. How!
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1st Mob. Thank
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2d Mob. Ay, *Costar*
Plume. Come,

You're both
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piece of French G

1st Mob. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know
can read—And so, Sir, he gave us those two pieces
money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a present.

Plume. How! by way of a present! The Son of a
more! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like
me: Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

(*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*)

Mob. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Cap-
tain, faith.

1st Mob. Now, *Tummas*, *Carolus* is Latin for a bea-
st: This is the bravest Captain I ever saw—Wounds,
give a months mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse two such honest Fellows as
—Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow; I
am among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a
knapper to steal Slaves.

1st Mob. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me but as I went
myself: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you may
be; for a little time carry'd a Musquet, and now I
command a Company.

2nd Mob. Mind that, *Costar*: A sweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an ad-
vantage of you, the Queen's money was in your poc-
kets, my Serjeant was ready to take his oath you were
sold; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of
you at your liberty.

1st Mob. Thank you, noble Captain—I cod, I can't
find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

2nd Mob. Ay, *Costar*, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell
you: You're both young tight Fellows, and the Army
is the place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has
his lot, and you have yours. What think you now of
purse of *French* Gold out of a Monsieur's pocket, after
you

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you have dash'd out his brains with the butt of your Fire
lock? eh!—

1st Mob. Wauns! I'll have it, Captain—Give me
shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the world.

2d Mob. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd

Plume. Here my Hero, here are two Guineas for
thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d Mob. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

(*Crys, and pulls back his*

1st Mob. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind goes
me that I shall be a Captain my self—I take your money,
Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I
travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we
tread—Bring your Friend with you, if you can (*As*

1st Mob. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

2d Mob. No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come
Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have
honestest simpler Lads in your Company, than we
have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad. (*Gives him money.*) Now your
name?

2d Mob. *Tummas Appletree*.

Plume. And yours?

1st Mob. *Costar Pairmain*.

Plume. Born where?

1st Mob. Both in *Herefordshire*.

Plume. Very well: Courage, my Lads—Now we
sing, *Over the Hills, and far away*.

*Courage, brave Boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c.*

(*Exit*

O F



A

SCENE

Enter

I Cannot find
two Fort
half way, and
ing into their ar
ade possesses the
adness takes 'em
els, and away t
Plume. And leav
couple of poor r

Wer. I have a tri
and the Fortune-te
Plume. And I ha
Wer. What is't
Plume. I'll neve
Wer. No!

Plume. No. I th
pride of any We
and a year; and I
in a Lady wort
and-natur'd *Silvi*
ghtry scornful
but sneak out of
me, a complem
e? I'll go and b
Wer. Ha, ha,

A



A C T. I I I.

SCENE, *the Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two Fortunes : we lov'd two Ladies, they met half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, Fortune drops into their laps, and possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, and madness takes 'em by the tails ; they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—
A couple of poor melancholy Monsters—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine ; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No. I think my self above administering to the pride of any Woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I han't the vanity to believe I shall ever be a Lady worth twelve hundred — The generous and-natur'd *Silvia* in her smock I admire ; but the mighty scornful *Silvia* with her fortune I despise—
That sneak out of Town, and not so much as a word, not a complement—'sdeath ! how far off does she go ! I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha ! ay, and the window bars too to
C
come

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come at her—Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way, 'tis the prettiest cleanest little tit.

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to shew you how much am in love—Here she comes, and what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, and her Brother Bullock, and chickens on her arm in a basket, &c.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender; young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair; market for your self—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. (*Courts*)

War. Then I must shift for my self, I find. (*Laughs*)

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

(*Chucks her under the chin*)

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feed Sir; I warrant my ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds—Pray what's your name, pretty Creature?

O F

Rose. *Rose*, Sir, I'll go a short mile o'the way to get chickens, eggs, and such like, and sell corn.

Bull. Come, Sir,

Plume. *Kite*! (*Laughs*)

Mrs. Rose. You

Rose. A dozen, Sir,

Bull. Come, Sir,

to-day in half

for a penny more

Rose. What's the

of a groat, as

The Gentleman

man, I know

Sir, I say, for

Plume. Here's a

Rose. I can't cha

Plume. Indeed

hard by, Chick

Kite. So, Sir,

these *Hussars* ca

erwards pick hi

Bull. Ay, you

ay, Sir, what i

Kite. Why, 'tis

it is confounde

rd of digestion.

Bull. Then you

ome, *Ruofe*, pr

Kite. Your pali

the thicknefs of m

Bull. That's a fi

Rose? *Ruofe!* *Ru*

Kite. She's gon

Bull. The Cap

omen, sure.

Rose. *Rose*, Sir, My Father is a Farmer within three
 mile o'the Town; we keep this market; I sell
 chickens, eggs, and butter, and my Brother *Bullock*
 sells corn.

Bull. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.
(Whistles about the Stage.)

Plume. Kite! *(Tips him the wink, he returns it.)* Pret-

Mrs. Rose—You have—let me see—how many?

Rose A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, *Ruofe*, *Ruofe*, I sold fifty strake of bar.
 to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and hig-
 gle for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much
 of a groat, as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure—
 The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a
 Chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And
 Sir, I say, for a crown piece, the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging
 hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

(Goes off, she follows him.)

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one
 of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his breakfast, and
 afterwards pick his teeth with a palisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things; but
 say, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the
 salt is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat
 hard of digestion.

Bull. Then your palisado, pray what may that be?
 Come, *Ruofe*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about
 the thickness of my leg.

Bull. That's a fib, I believe. *(Aside.)* Eh! Where's
Ruofe? *Ruofe*! *Ruofe*! 'Sflesh, where's *Ruofe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of
 women, sure.

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Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruofe*, I shou'd be ruin'd - Which way went she? O! The Devil takes your rablins and palisadoes.

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, than nest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why, thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your Captain, admirable in your way I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my business, I will do it— You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsy, bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learn'd canting and lying: I was bought from my Mother *Cleopatra* by a certain Nobleman for three Pistols, who liking my beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd impudence and pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's linen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia, and turn'd Bayliff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing. I at last got into the Army, where I learn'd whoring and drinking—So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition. the fears of starving and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman with a fair tongue and fair perriwig, who loaded me with promises; but egad it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life—He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a garret in the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in prison; he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison—and indeed 'tis a Garrison that may hold out till dooms-day before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

O F

Enter

Ball. Here, you see's a poor foolish with a complaint, tell me; do you know a

Wor. Ha, ha, I came to his lodging

Ball. Is that all?

Wor. I know that he's ready to grant me on fear of the worst

Ball. Thou'rt mad

Kite. I hope so too

Wor. Hast thou seen that the Captain

Ball. I know not what they do with them

Women as Men with

Ball. But how can I tell?

Bull. Lord Sir, I can do of the day

not suspecting any harm, Friend,

Kite. Lackaday, I'll marry her to-morrow

Ball. I begin to wonder what did that Gentleman

Bull. Why, Sir, I was at a great fight betwixt

and the *Irish*; and of the battel, the

Ball. Serjeant, Captain, give him leave to discharge the W

Exit

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Bull. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain?
Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me
with a complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sis-
ter; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Sister is gone with
him to his lodgings to sell him some chickens.

Bull. Is that all? the fellow's a Fool.

Bull. I know that, an please you; but if your Worship
pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you,
for fear of the worst.

Bull. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too. *(Aside,*

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, Fellow, than to be-
lieve that the Captain can list Women?

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what
they do with them, but I am sure they carry as many
Women as Men with them out of the country.

Bull. But how came you not to go along with your
Sister?

Bull. Lord Sir, I thought no more of her going
than I do of the day I shall die; but this Gentleman here,
not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe. You thought
no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I—only that I believe I shall
marry her to-morrow. *(Aside.*

Bull. I begin to smell powder. Well Friend, but
what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story
of a great fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was,
and the *Irish*; and so, Sir, while we were in the heat
of the battel, the Captain carry'd off the baggage.

Bull. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your
Captain, give him my humble service, and desire him
to discharge the Wench, though he has list her.

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Bull. Ay, and if he been't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the Captain's.

(*Exeunt Kite and Bull.*)

Ball. We must get this mad Captain his complement of Men, and send him a packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his age, I never set my heart upon any woman, so much as to make my self uneasy at the disappointment; but what was very surprizing both to myself and Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden from the most fickle Lover to the most constant Husband in the world. But how goes your affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly; *Cupid* had formerly wings, I think in this age he goes upon crutches: or I find *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* who has made my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely. My Mistress has got a Captain too, but he is a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? That bluff Fellow in the fash, I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone and no body will keep him company twice; then he is a *Casár* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he is in love with the Mistress; but the most surprizing part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Ball. I have met with such men; and I take this for nothing memory to proceed from a certain constitution of the brain, which is purely adapted to improve

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ies, and there t
no thoughts of
own a Man as per
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as ignorant as t
This is your
lege of lying, a
behold the

Mr. Worthington
my dear.
Whispering
and when no
Company!
pardon: Who
Ask him.

So I will.
—your name
Very laconic
Laconick!
several of th
He was kill'd
that he had a ble
after he fell, w
pocket
Pray, Sir, c
Laden?
The French

Why that q
Because no

and there they lodge secure, the Owner has no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer as to the day of most important transactions; but be altogether ignorant in the causes, or consequences of any thing of moment. I have known another acquire so much by travel as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or days, as punctually as a Postboy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Now. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's knowledge of lying, and even that he abuses. This is the life, behold the life.

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth — my dear.

Mr. Whisping. Sir, before company is not manly, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Brazen. Company! *Mor't de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's pardon: Who is he?

Mr. Ask him.

Brazen. So I will. My dear, I am your Servant, and so forth, — your name, my dear?

Mr. Very laconic, Sir.

Brazen. *Laconick!* A very good name truly; I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad; poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the battel of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blew ribbon in his hat that very day, after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Mr. Pray, Sir, did the French attack us, or we them at Landen?

Brazen. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Mr. Why that question?

Brazen. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that this

the *French* durst attack us — No, Sir, we attack them on the — I have reason to remember the time, I had two and twenty Horses kill'd under me that day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, rid upon half a dozen Horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen? I tell they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by canon shot, cept fix I stak'd to death upon the Enemies *Chevaux Frise*.

Ball. Noble Captain. may I crave your name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire* — Honest *Frank*! Many, many a bottle have we crack'd hand to fist; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India Company*, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, Master in *Chancery*; a very pretty Woman, only seduced a little, she dy'd in Child-bed of her first Child, the Child surviv'd; 't was a Daughter, but when 't was call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul I can't remember. (*Looking on his Watch.*) But Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder, presently upon the walk by the water — *Wor.* your Servant, *Laconick* yours.

Ball. If you can have so mean an opinion of *Melinda* as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to be your cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much in gaining her self a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe *Melinda* had made him this assignation; I must see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of business — What have we got here?

E

And I shall
single upon a wh
saddle; and
the L
your Worship
through our g
ship's pardon —

Right *Meckl*
his Lace, Child
No matter f
I question it
And see her
and fine Mange
The Captain lea
Oho! The C
the Captain ta
Yes, and gi
ship please to tal
You are a ver
what did you gi
He's to have
three Sweet - he
shall all go wi
and the humi

He carry'd
her, with as m
st Lady in the
Oh! he's a mig

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But it i
With th
Thro fr

Enter Rose singing.

And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and
 single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Vel-
 lade; and I shall go to London, and see the
 and the Lyons, and the Queen. Sir, an'
 your Worship, I have often seen your Worship
 through our grounds a hunting, begging your
 ship's pardon—Pray what may this lace be worth a
 (*Shewing some Lace.*)

Right Mechlin, by this light! Where did you
 this Lace, Child?
 No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.
 I question it much.

And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell Snuff-
 and fine Mangere, see here. [*Takes snuff affected-*
 The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an air.
 Oho! The Captain! Now the murther's out;
 the Captain taught you to take it with an air.

Yes, and give it with an air too—Will your
 ship please to taste my snuff? [*Offers the box affectedly.*

You are a very apt scholar, pretty Maid. And
 what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two
 three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country;
 shall all go with the Captain; O he's the finest
 and the humblest withal; wou'd you believe

He carry'd me up with him to his own
 chamber, with as much familiarity as if I had been
 his Lady in the Land.

Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume singing.

*But it is not so
 With those that go
 Thro' frost and snow*

C 5

Most

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Most apropos,

My Maid with the milking-pail.

(Takes hold of Rose)

How, the Justice! Then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and executed.

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child! are you mad—Mr. Ball, I am so full of business about my Recruits, that I have a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to—

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir—I cannot for my Sir—

Ball. Pray, Sir—

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I would—now, Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must—

(Breaks)

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you.

Rose. And I too.

SCENE, *The Walk, by the Sever side.*

Enter Melinda and her Maid Lucy.

Mel. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or diamonds, or knots, or in what shape was the almighty Gold transform'd that has brib'd you so much in his favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a small piece of Flanders edging for pinners.

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is as constant a present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from your humble Servant.

Women to them.
of Lace, to cho
jects of their
They only ba
other, Madam
Has any of 'er
that you talk so
Madam, you
my fault; the c
excuse it; tho
help it? But as I
in Plume has so t
Pina! wou'd
his back; I wa
confounded Cap
all Officers, I say
reaching us at h
us abroad: No
the young F
keep a Man to o
One wou'd
Worthy's abl
hen he's with ye
Who told you
lence? I'm onl
these two days
the Lover, I hop
ate the Trayto
and a Rogue th
; but indeed I
assurance to fa
If he shou'd

Women to them. They every year bring over a
Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and
effects of their honesty.

They only barter one sort of prohibited goods
another, Madam.

Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs
that you talk so like a Trader?

Madam, you talk as previshly to me, as if it
my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pre-
excuse it; tho' he shou'd not see you this week,
help it? But as I was saying, Madam—His Friend
in Plume has so taken him up this two days.

— Pina! wou'd his Friend the Captain were ty'd
his back; I warrant he has never been sober since
or my confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil
all Officers, I say—They do the Nation more harm
touching us at home, than they do good by de-
d—ing us abroad: No sooner a Captain comes to Town,
—I must see the young Fellows flock about him, and we
Breaks keep a Man to our selves.

(One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your con-
(for *Worthy's* absence, that you shou'd use him bet-
when he's with you.

Seven Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for
absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said
these two days: One may like the love, and def-
the Lover, I hope; as one may love the treason,
ate the Traytor. O! here comes another Cap-
and a Rogue that has the confidence to make love
e, or he; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he
e almighty assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

in his. If he shou'd speak o'th' Assignment I shou'd be
(*Aside.*

Enter Brazen.

resent from. True to the touch, Faith? (*Aside.*) Madam
He is for your humble Servant, and all that Madam—A fine
River

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River this same *Severn*—Do you love fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French* in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in love before; and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw I never had so fine a complement; but you Soldiers are the best breed of Men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam—But there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable—I might have had very considerable offers, Madam,—I might have marry'd a *German* Princess, worth fifty thousand Crowns a year, but her Stove disgusted me.—The Daughter of a *Turkish* *Bashaw* fell in love with me too when I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offer'd to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her escape with me; but I don't know how, my time was not to come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by destiny; Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady worth twenty thousand Pound—Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! to be sure a great many Ladies of that fortune wou'd be proud of the name of Mrs. *Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are many Women of very good quality of the name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! Are you there, Gentleman?—Come, Captain; we'll walk this way, give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood and guts are at your service—Mr *Worthy*; your Servant, my dear,
(*Exit leading Melinda.*)

Mr. Death and fire, this is not to be born:

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, Faith.

Mr. What?

Plume. The March beer at the *Raven*; I have been
serving the Queen, — raising Men, and raising
Excise — Recruiting and Elections are rare friends to
Excise.

Mr. You an't drunk?

Plume. No, no; whimsical only; I cou'd be migh-
tish, and fancy my self mighty witty; Reason
keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Mr. Then you're just fit for a frolick?

Plume. As fit as close pinner for a Punk in the Pit.

Mr. There's your play then, recover me that Vessel
that *Tangerine*

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Mr. By Captain *Brazen* that I told you of to-day;
call'd the *Melinda*, a first Rate, I can assure you;
steer'd off with him just now on purpose to affront
but according to your advice I wou'd take no noti-
because I wou'd seem to be above a concern for her
behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in
traps but an Oyster Wench, or a Cook Maid; and if
be't civil, I knock 'em down: But heark'e, my
friend, I'll make love and I must make love. I tell you
that, I'll make love like a Platoon.

Mr. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop and stand, Faith; most La-
ze gain'd by platooning.

Mr. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume. Soh! Now must I look as sober, and as de-
cent as a Whore at a Christning.

Enter

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay!—my Dear.

Plume. My Dear.

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your name, dear? if I be not mistaken I have seen your face.

Plume. I never see yours in my life, my Dear—there's a face well known as the Sun that shines on and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, Sir?

Plume. Pretensions.

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home, Sir, for ages—this cruel Fair—And that will serve the turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I bring a fine spot of work upon my hands—I see yonder—I cou'd be content to be Friends with you'd he come this way.

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

*Thou peerless Princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worship'd by the Swains*

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her?

Plume. Prithee be quiet—I shall be out—

*Behold how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet thee Princess of the Severn side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam —If he were well drest, I shou'd take him for a Poet. —But I'll the difference presently—Come, Madam, —we'll you between us; and now the longest Sword carries

(*Striking.*)

Mr. Worthing! fa

Ha, ha, h

the bold Rav

No, Sir, y

I don't like

Then you're

No! pray w

It cost me tw

thousands of

Then they l

Enter Si

Save ye, save y

My dear! I'

Do you kno

No, but I

Wilful; Jack V

What, the

Both, Sir, bo

and I'm he

Do you live

Yes, Sir, I l

house, nor

What are yo

A Rake.

In the Arm

No, but I inte

men, he that

(Screaking.)

Enter Worthy.

Mr. Worthy! save me from these mad Men,

(Ex. with Wor.)

Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir,
the bold Ravisher?

No, Sir, you are my Man.

I don't like the wages, and I won't be your

Then you're not worth my Sword.

No! pray what did it cost?

It cost me twenty Pistoles in *France*, and my
thousands of Lives in *Flandres*.

Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter Silvia in Man's apparel.

Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen.

(A. My dear! I'm yours.

Do you know the Gentleman?

No, but I will presently—Your name, my

Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your service.

What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staf-*Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls*
and I'm head of the Family at present.

Do you live in this country, Sir?

Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither
house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of

What are you, Sir?

A Rake.

In the Army, I presume?

No, but I intend to list immediately.—Look'e

(D. men, he that bids me fairest has me.

BRAZ.

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Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, I shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me

Plume. You shall lie with me you young Rogue (Kite)

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty

Sil. Then you must make me a Field Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir!

Sil. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done.—I'll make Chaplain to the Regiment.

Sil. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended in Town, pray which of you is Captain *Plume*.

Plume. I am Captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I'm Captain *Plume*.

Sil. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your Servant, my dear

Brazen. Captain *Brazen*! I am yours—the Fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please— (*Goes to whisper Plume*)

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain

Plume. your Serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Horse of Holbourn, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes—Look'e, Friend, you must lift with Captain *Brazen*,

Sil. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first; I will fight with Captain *Plume*: I am a free-born English Man, I will be a Slave my own way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me?

(*To Brazen*)
Brazen

O F

I warrant you

Then I will tell

you are an ignorant

Ay, ay, a

A very sad dog

Plume.

Then you will

I won't.

Never mind

Heard'e

Plume to me

Sir, he in the

pleasant, and will

What! you are

At your Serv

Then I would

A very unde

Let me look full

Well, Sir, w

The very im

same caliver w

Charles—

What dy'e me

The voice to

My dear Broth

Have the fortu

of the Sword,

No, Sir, I'll

Ambition th

by that I ga

I see a Com

Captain; give

What, Men

We Officers

I warrant you, my lad.

Then I will tell you Captain *Brazen* (To *Plume*)
 you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent cox-

Ay, ay, a sad dog.

A very sad dog; give me the money, noble Cap-

Then you won't lift with Captain *Brazen*?

I won't.

Never mind him, Child, I'll end the dispute
 —Heark'e, my dear.

Plume to one side of the Stage, and entertains him
[in dumb shew.

Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain *Plume*, I am
 a servant, and will take my oath on't.

What! you are Serjeant *Kite*.

At your Service.

Then I wou'd not take your oath for a farthing.

A very understanding Youth of his age! pray.

Let me look full in your face.

Well, Sir, what have you to say to my face?

The very image of my Brother; two bullets
 from a caliver were never so like: Sure it must be
 you, *Charles*—

What dy'e mean by *Charles*?

The voice too, only a little variation in *F*ssa-ut

My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you
 have the fortune to enter into the most noble so-

cieties of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any

Ambition there again! 'tis a noble passion for a

Man; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambi-

I see a Commission in his face already: Pray,

Captain; give me leave to salute you.

[Offers to kiss her.

What, Men kiss one another?

We Officers do; 'tis our way; we live together

like

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like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting—
But I see a storm a coming.

Sil. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain
by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and
dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow
and have not been much abroad; I excuse that, but
thou resign the Man, prithee do; you are a very
Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.

(*Draws and makes up to Braz.*)

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight
the Lady?

Plume. I always do—But for a Man I'll fight
deep, so you lye again. [*Plume and Braz. draw
traverse or two about the Stage. Silvia draws who
by Kite, who sounds to Arms with his mouth; takes
in his arms and carries her off the Stage.*]

Braz. Hold, what's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*]
let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart my dear. (*Putting
suppose Kite has lifted him by this time.*)

Braz. You are a brave fellow, I always fight
a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once
he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.
And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear Friend:
Lady we frighted out of the walk just now, I found
bed this morning—so beautiful, so inviting—
scently lock'd the door—But I am a Man of Honour.
But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—Her
ty thousand Pound, you know, will be a pretty
veniency—I had an assignation with her here, but
coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear,
don't do so agen.

Plume. No, no, my dear, Men are my business
present.

O F



A C

CENE

Enter Ros

Here have you

always out of

Preferment

I wou'd pref

Woman? Con

your head, c

Ah Ruose, R

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comes into the c

Here has been

come of him?

Look'e, I'm

Relations: I

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um-Major.

Nay, Sister,

you know I

re but on a tab

Had I but a C

atches wou'd I

of'em all; fo

cock, and a

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock meeting.

R O S E.

Here have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

I wou'd prefer you; who shou'd prefer a Man Woman? Come, throw away that great club, up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Ah *Ruofe*, *Ruofe*, I fear some body will look oner than folk think of: This genteel breeding ne- comes into the country without a train of follow- Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweet-heart, what become of him?

Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide Relations: I told the Captain how finely he upon the taber and pipe, so he has set him down m-Major.

Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that place you know I always lov'd to be a drumming, me but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Silvia.

Had I but a Commission in my pocket, I fancy marches wou'd become me as well as any ranting of'em all; for I take a bold step, a rakish tols, cock, and an impudent air to be the principal

redients in the composition of a Captain.—What here! *Rose!* my Nurse's Daughter!—I'll go and promise—Come, child, kiss me at once, (*Kisses Rose*) and her Brother too!—Well honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse-cart, and a horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Sil. Suppose I were, would you be contented to be my Friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engaged to Captain *Plume*.

Sil. *Plume!* do you know Captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes I do, and he knows me—He took the bands out of his shirt sleeves, and put 'em into shoes.—See there—I can assure you, that I can do anything with the Captain.

Bull. That is, in a modest way, Sir—Have you heard what you say, *Rose*, don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as you say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but I may do with any body else.

Sil. So! And pray what do you expect from this Captain, child?

Rose. I expect, Sir,—I expect—But he orders me to tell no body—But suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Sil. You shou'd have a care, my dear; Men don't promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wauns, *Rose*, what have you said?

Sil. Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens.—I hope there will be no harm in that.

What Mr.

I'll try if he lo-

der yet, Sir.—

withdraw a litt-

me. No, no,

Nor have I beg-

us you have.

Thou art a

Sir, I wou'd o-

me. Hast thou

Yes, Sir: so

Pray, Gent-

me. Come, le-

you belong to m-

Let me confi-

me. Now the n-

work.

Pray, Sir, v-

Don't be ang-

ary, for she's

Give thee, Cl-

all have a Coac-

age to make

ountenance.

me. Pho, that

Child, I'll bu-

cket to see a P-

A Play, Wa-

show.

look'e, Capt-

th Captain Bra-

me. Will you li-

I will.

Take her;

Enter Plume.

What Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my market-

I'll try if he loves her. (*Aside.*) Close, Sir, ay.
 I'll try yet, Sir.—Come my pretty Maid, you and
 withdraw a little.

No, no, Friend, I han't done with her yet.
 Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a
 as you have.

Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Sir, I wou'd qualifie my self for the Service.

Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Yes, Sir: so let her go.

Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Come, leave it to the Girl's own choice.

Do you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Now the natural inconstancy of her Sex be-
 work.

Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister shou'd be
 marry, for she's but young.

Give thee, Child!—I'll set thee above scandal;
 I'll have a Coach with six before and six behind,
 to make vice fashionable, and put Vertue
 countenance.

Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for
 Child, I'll buy you a furbuloe Scarf, and give
 ticket to see a Play.

A Play, Wauns *Ruofe* take the ticket, and let's
 show.

Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go
 Captain *Brazen* this minute.

Will you list with me if I give up my title?

I will.

Take her; I'll change a Woman for a Man at

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you C^{apt}
tains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, don't send Ruose to the *Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies!* No, no, no, honest Lad, give me thy hand; nor you nor she shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is our us, and will be kind to you, *Mrs. Rose.*

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain would?

Sil. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—
What wou'd you be?

Bull O! Sir! if you had not promis'd the place
Drum-Major, —

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd—But what think you of Barrack-Master? You are a person of understanding and Barrack-Master you shall be.—But what's become of this same *Cart-Wheel* you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come Brother Barron Master—We shall find you at home, noble Captain.

(Ex. Rose and B)

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your four shillings.

Sil Captain Plume, I despise your lifting money; I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that Wench, mean.—For you must know, that among my old fallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd ne'er sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my Estate.—So before I list, I must be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that point, till you try; but upon my honour she may be a Vestal for ought that I know to the

you Cap^t.—I gain'd her heart indeed by some trifling
 presents and promises; and knowing that the best secu-
 rity for a Woman's soul is her body, I wou'd have made
 myself Master of that too, had not the jealousy of my
 pertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Sil. So you only want an opportunity for accomplish-
 ing your desigas upon her?

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my ends,
 which were only the drawing in one or two of her fol-
 lowers. The Women you know are the Loadstones
 of every where; gain the Wives, and you are care'd by
 the Husbands; please the Mistress, and you are valu'd
 by the Gallants; secure an interest with the finest Wo-
 men at Court, and you procure the favour of the great-
 est Men—So kiss the prettiest country Wenches, and
 you are sure of lifting the lustiest Fellows. Some peo-
 ple may call this artifice, but I term it stratagem, since
 it is so main a part of the Service.—Besides, the fatigue
 of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make
 ourselves some pleasure amidst the pain, no mortal
 wou'd be able to bear it.

Sil. Well, Sir, I am satisfy'd as to the point in de-
 ber Barrack; but now let me beg you to lay aside your recrui-
 ting, put on the Man of honour, and tell me plain-
 ly what usage I must expect when I am under your
 command?

Plume. You must know in the first place, then, that
 money is due to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are
 always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dange-
 rous; and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us, that those
 who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding
 this, I find something so agreeable about you, that
 it engages me to court your company; and I can't tell
 how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the
 command of any body else—Your usage will chiefly
 depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect,
 that if you commit a small fault, I will excuse it, if a
 great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me, I
 shall not be able to punish you.

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Sil. And something tells me that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you—And now your hand this lifts me—And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! there's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Sil. One favour I must beg—This affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd ensure my conduct, if I threw my self into the circumference of a private Centinel of my own head—I therefore take care to be impress'd by the Act of Parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you look at my quarters in the meantime? You shall have a share of my bed.

Sil. O fy! lye with a common Soldier! Wou'd you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No faith, I'm not that Rake the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formalities for Religion—The world is all a cheat; one takes mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind—Will you promise me?

Sil. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

(*Exeunt several*)

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a man to want a Confidant: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance; and then a few racks us worse than the cholick—I am at this minute

secret, that I'm ready to faint away—Help me

Bless me, Madam ! what's the matter !

Vapours only, I begin to recover—If *Silvia* in Town I could heartily forgive her faults, for the sake of discovering my own.

You're thoughtful, Madam ; am not I worthy to know the cause ?

You are a Servant, and a secret wou'd make you

Not unless you shou'd find fault without a cause,

Cause, or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please ; Women must discharge

Vapours somewhere, and before we get Husband, our Servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a

rank above a Servant : You know my family, and

would set me upon the foot of a Gentlewo-

man, and make me worthy the confidence of any Lady

in the land ; besides, Madam, 'twill extreamly encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

I don't find that your design can be of any great

advantage to you : 'Twill please me indeed in the humour

I have, of being reveng'd on the Fool for his va-

lue of making love to me ; so I don't much care if I

promise you five hundred Pound upon my day of

revenge.

That is the way, Madam, to make me dili-

gent in the vocation of a Confident, which I think is

really to bring people together.

O *Lucy* ! I can hold my secret no longer : You

know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller

in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a curiosity, which

he promis'd me dear. That Fellow is certainly the Devil,

and one of his bosom Favourites ; he has told me the most

secret things of my past life—

Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd

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surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I should die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the world for nothing!—Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours——And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! Why I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid——But the Devil was a lyar from the beginning; he can't make me die a Maid——I have put it out of his power already.

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self *Lucy*; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my life——He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and describ'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference——I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my conduct; excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off——'Sdeath! I cou'd have stab'd him, or my self, 'twas the same thing——Yonder he comes——I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you; Men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the iron is hot——You have a great deal of courage, Madam, to venture into the walks, where you were so lately frighted.

Mel. And you before me that you

Wor. I had no

fore you either

and business in an

to meet another p

Mel. Since yo

you'll withdraw

Wor. The wal

walk by one anothe

and tearing her F

Madam? (He off

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in haste, she ch

Braz. What,

Mel. What me

Luc. Are you

Braz. No, no

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Madam, I ask yo

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Mel. I am sorr

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Braz. I grant i

a random shot

as mine: Co

Wor. but the En

think

Wor. Withdraw

Mel. Withdraw?

Ad. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both (*They walk by one another, he with his hat cockt, she fretting and tearing her Fan*) Will you please to take snuff, Madam? (*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up Brazen takes her round the waist, she cuffs him.*)

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence!

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

(*To Brazen.*)

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! Odso! I'll turn'd—My Mistress has wit at her fingers end—*Madam*, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has shewn upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd, 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands—*Cap-*tain, I ask your pardon— [*Exit with Lucy.*]

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas on a random shot, it might have taken off your head as well as mine: Courage, my dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what dy'e mean by withdraw?

Braz.

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Braz. I'll shew you.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* vice has ruin'd me! S'death! why should I, that know her haughty spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battel royal? Don't frighten so, Man; she's your own I tell you; I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion: The wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battel with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious; my life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to do with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen's* familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to deduce consequences from the actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the rules of Reason upon a science without principles; and such is their conduct——Whimsical unaccountable whim hurrys 'em on, like a Man drunk with brandy before ten a-clock in the morning——But let's lose our sport——*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago let's away.

SCENE, a Chamber, a Table with Books and Globes.

Kite disguis'd in a strange habit sitting at a Table.

Kite. (Rising.) By the position of the Heavens gain'd from my observation upon these celestial Globes I find that *Luna* was a Tyde-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor

O F

(Z) a Thief, Ve
a Rake, an
is the System

Enter

Mr. Well, wh

I. I have sent a

one's to be a

of Dragoons

you seen the I

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me that I tore

a. No, Sir, I

me. What Let

y. One that I v

you'd break w

Officers to y

the door.

th. Well, M

a. I am the lea

th. Well, M

ford above a

a. Perhaps tha

th. Look ye,

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a. If there be

chilling forry

by trade a Sn

a. How the

Because the

You were b

th. Forceps,

(*Enter*) a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman,
a Rake, and *Mars* a Sergeant of Granadeers;
this is the System of *Kite* the Conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Pl. Well, what success?
W. I have sent away a Shoemaker and a Taylor al-
one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other
of Dragoons — I am to manage them at night —
you seen the Lady, *Mr. Worthy*?
Pl. Ay, but it won't do — Have you shew'd her
me that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?
W. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.
Pl. What Letter?
W. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that
you'd break windows in good earnest.

(*Knocking at the door.*)

Pl. Officers to your posts.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*]

Pl. the door.

[*Servant opens the door.*]

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Master, are you the cunning Man?

Pl. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, Master, I'm but a poor Man, and I
afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Pl. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look ye, Doctor, let me have something
good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Pl. If there be faith in the Stars, you shall have
a shilling forty fold — Your hand, Countryman,
by trade a Smith.

Smith. How the Devil shou'd you know that?

Pl. Because the Devil and you are brother Trades-

Smith. You were born under *Forceps*.

Pl. *Forceps*, what's that?

Kite.

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Kite. One of the Signs : There's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*, *Furns*, *Dixmude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Chambray*, and so forth—Twelve of 'em — Let me see— Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have, or will—The Stars have decreed that you shall be—I must have more money, Sir—Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O, Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what arrears?

Kite. The five hundred pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir,—Let me see your t'other hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you—And the Rogue of an Agent will demand fifty *per Cent.* for a fortnight's advance.

Smith. I'm in the clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars—In two years, three months, and two hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a day, and two Servants—'Tis the decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your anvil—Strike, Sir, while the iron is hot—Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wish the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine place

Kite. The Stars do—Let me see—Ay, about an hour hence walk carelessly into the market-place, and you'll see a tall slender Gentleman cheapning a penny-worth of apples: with a cane hanging upon his button—This Gentleman will ask you what's a---clock—He's your Man, and the maker of your fortune—Follow him, follow him;—And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children; an hour hence exactly is your time.

O F

Smith. A tall f
one! Pray what

Kite. An ambe

Smith. And pra

man?

Kite. Let me f
or a Plenipotenti

can't tell exactly v

name is--

Smith. *Thomas*

Kite. He'll call

Smith. But hov

Kite. O there a

Smith. *Tom tit*, *Tom*

Smith. Be gone--

Smith. You say

Kite. Most cert

know---And be f

the Sun won't sh

able to tell the fig

Smith. I will,

Plazne. Well dor

Kite. As you w

what my old Frie

early bull-dog five

But. So, Mr. C

now you must un

Kite. Hold, F

But. You're d

know it my self.

Kite. I know

foolish saying, th

Smith. A tall slender Gentleman, you say, with a cane! Pray what sort of a head has the cane?

Kite. An amber head with a black ribband.

Smith. And pray of what employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a Collector of the excise, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers---I can't tell exactly which, but he'll call you honest---your name is---

Smith. *Thomas.*

Kite. He'll call you honest *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil shou'd he know my name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of *Toms*---*Tom o' Lincoln, Tomtit, Tom tell troth, Tom o' Bedlam, and Tom Fool*---Be gone---An hour hence precisely.

(Knocking at the door.)

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's a'clock?

Kite. Most certainly---And you'll answer you don't know---And be sure you look at *St. Mary's dial*; for the Sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the figures.

Smith. I will, I will.

[Exit.]

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and prosper. *(behind.)*

Kite. As you were.

Enter a Butcher.

That my old Friend *Pluck the Butcher*, --I offer'd the bulldog five guineas this morning, and he refus'd

(Aside.)

But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's half a Crown---And now you must understand---

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your business before-hand---

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it my self.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend---You have a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the Man

64 THE RECRUITING

Man in the Moon: I tell you the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon see all the world?

But. All the world sees the Moon I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the world, that's certain—Give me your hand—You're by trade either a Butcher or a Surgeon.

But. True, I am a Butcher.

Kite. And a Surgeon you will be; the employment differ only in the name—He that can cut up an ox may dissect a Man, and the same dexterity that cracks marrow-bone, will cut off a leg or an arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, patience, Mr. Surgeon-General the Stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by Surgeon-General, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have patience, I must beg the favour of your Worship's absence.

But. My Worship! my Worship! But why my Worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor—

Kite. Fire and fury, Sir! [*Rises in a passion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurry'd? Do the stars owe you any money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordship at this rate?—Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a penny.—But since you are their Porter, please to accept of this half-crown to drink their healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me see your hand then once more—He has been Gold—five Guineas, my Friend, in this very hand this morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil—Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman, or did you come into the World of your own head?

O

Kite. That's a fine handsome

But. Kite you

Kite. Ay, ay,

But. As arrant

impudent Ra

Kite. A Soldier!

But. Mother has

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But. Oons! an

Kite. I know i

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But. There's a

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Kite. He's in as

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But. There's yo

General all t

Kite. You put th

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But. No.

Kite. Recollect

But. I say no.

Kite. That's st

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now: In short,

much dexterity

Kite. That's a secret.--This Gold was offer'd you by a handsome Man; call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or---
 Gen. Kite you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite*.

Gen. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halbard. An impudent Rascal wou'd have decoy'd me for a Sol-

Kite A Soldier! a Man of your substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has an hundred pound in hard money, at this minute in the hands of a Mercer, not forty from this place.

Gen. Oons! and so she has, but very few know so

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his name, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the hundred for your discharge.

Gen. There's a dog now--'Sdeath, Doctor, I'll give you other half-Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any Man in the County of Salop.

Gen. There's your fee--But you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a passion. (Looks on his Books) Now they are pacify'd agen--Let me see, did you ever cut off a Man's leg?

Gen. No.

Kite. Recollect pray,

Gen. I say no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have I seen--The second, or third, ay, the third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great shot; you will be there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the limb at once: In short, the operation will be perform'd with much dexterity, that with general applause you will

66 THE RECRUITING

be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no thoughts! what's matter for your thoughts? the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an hour and half hence, that's all. Farewel.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor: Surgeon-General! What is the place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred pounds a year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred pounds a year!—An hour and a half hence you say?

Kite. Prithee Friend be quiet, don't be troublesome; here's such a work to make a booby Butcher accept of five hundred pound a year-- But if you must hear it, I'll tell you in short: you'll be standing in your stall an hour and half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his hand and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroak your great Dog upon the head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's name.

Kite. Look'e there---What I say is true---things that are to come must come to pass---Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your Mother and your Sister---Women always hinder preferment---make what money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his name begins with a P---mind that---There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd marriage to---she will be pulling and hal-ling you to pieces.

But. What! Know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs must go that the Devil drives. [*Going*] The tip

O F

his handkerchie

Kite. No, no,

none of the M

But. Well, w

Flame. The rig

Kite. I hear th

it, 'tis Madam

E

Kite. *Tycho*, C

Mel. Don't tro

Kite. Your La

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Mel. For wha

Kite. For a H

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La. Pray, D

the Devil?

Kite. With bo

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Mel. And have

Kite. Yes, M

La. O Heave

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Kite. If you b

consult him?

Mel. Don't f

because I am a V

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the Devil.

Kite. He's a li

he shall wa

Mel. What is

Kite. Writing

Mel. Ha, ha

do with my

Kite pulls his handkerchief out of his left pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

Luc. Well, well, I'll mind him. [Exit.

Plume. The right pocket, you say?
[Behind with his pocket-book.

Kite. I hear the rustling of Silks. (Knocking.) Fly, 'tis Madam Melinda.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble your self, we shan't stay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband---For your part, Madam, you won't stay for a Husband. (To Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Destinys of Men in search, I consult the Stars; when the affairs of Women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the table.

Luc. O Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool. Do you think, Sir, that because I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me the Devil.

Kite. He's a little busie at present, but when he has time he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! Pray what have you or he to do with my name?

68 THE RECRUITING

Kite. Look'e fair Lady---The Devil is a very modest person, he seeks no body unless they seek him first. He's chain'd up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose.—You come to me to have your fortune told—Do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, Madam, the affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing less than the Devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill.—Here you *Cacodemo del Plumo* — exert your power; draw me this Lady's name, the word *Melinda* in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing—do it at three motions,—one,—two—three—'tis done---Now, Madam, will you please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. (*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.* Here *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give me the bone, Sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of papier, behold---

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, Madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis more like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chamber-maid now will out-lye the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they shan't impose upon us. People can't remember their hands no more than they can their faces---Come, Madam, let us be certain. I will write your name upon this paper then we'll compare the two names.

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, Madam---here, pen and ink. (*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the Paper*

Lucy. Let me see it, Madam, 'tis the same---the very same---But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs.

Mel. This is demonstration.

O
Kite. 'Tis so,
comes from *Dam*
Mel. Well, Do
your account can
Kite. Before th
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military.

Mel. What! So
Kite. Let me se
taining you will
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Mel. What for
Kite. Madam,
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Mel. How is th

Kite. Because,

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Mel. Ten a clo

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Mel. Here Do

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Luc. Oh, Mad

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Luc. O pray,

Kite. Tycho, w

(Aside)

En

Kite. Mr. Wor

Kiss. 'Tis so, Madam--The word démonstration comes from *Damon* the Father of lyes.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now pray, what account can you give me of my future fortune?

Kiss. Before the Sun has made one course round the earthly Globe, your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! So near the crisis of my fate!

Kiss. Let me see---About the hour of ten to-morrow morning you will be saluted by a Gentleman, who will

come to take his leave of you, being design'd for travel;

his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion

is a Woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet

and the barrel, one runs plump into the other.--In

short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad, and if he does you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kiss. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman, and a Lover; and a Man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kiss. Because, Madam--because it is so---A Woman's reason is the best for a Man's being a fool,

Mel. Ten a clock you say?

Kiss. Ten---about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here Doctor. (*Gives Money.*) Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Kiss. Oh, Madam! a thousand.

Kiss. I must beg your patience till another time, for I must respect more company this minute; besides I must discharge the Gentleman under the table.

Kiss. O pray, Sir, discharge us first.

Kiss. Tycho, wait on the Ladies down stairs.

(*Ex. Melinda and Lucy.*)

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kiss. Mr. Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me joy
E 3 to.

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to-day, I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller, you say?

Kite. No farther than the chops of the channel presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already.

Hey day! you don't profess Midwifry, Doctor.

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

(*Exeunt Plume and Wor.*)

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my dear?

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear, but mine is a peaceable Spirit and hates gunpowder; thus I fortifie my self, (*Draws a circle round him.*) And now, Captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines: what dost talk of lines! you have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man---what's your name, my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in London of your name--where were you born?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands in Scotland.

Kite. Right---I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my dear, I am going to be married---I have had two Letters from a Lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholick, spleen, and vapours---Shall I marry her in four and twenty hours, ay or no?

O R

Kite. I must have seen these Letters.

Braz. Why, your Letters dated you think Bille.

Kite. They are must examine the

Braz. Content both.

Kite. Only the Letter.) Now

my Books for you, with the

lodgings.

Braz. Withal hand in his p

ard to calculate

Gives him Money

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study of Astr

Wor. O Doctor

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Plume. Pho!

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Wor. How!

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Plume. Lucy

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Plume. The

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Wor. You f

Kite.

Off. I must have the year and day of the month, when these Letters were dated.

Brax. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Letters dated with the year and day of the month; you think Billet-doux are like Bank-Bills?

Off. They are not so good---but if they bear no date, must examine the contents.

Brax. Contents! that you shall, old Boy, here they both.

Off. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. (*Takes a Letter.*) Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a minute, I'll send this Letter inclos'd you, with the determination of the Stars upon it, to your lodgings.

Brax. With all my heart---I must give him---(*Puts a hand in his pocket.*) *Algebra!* I fancy Doctor, 'tis to calculate the place of your nativity---here---(*Gives him Money.*) And if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-tower upon the top of the highest mountain in *Wales* for study of *Astrology*, and the benefit of *Conndrums*.
(*Exit.*)

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! that Letter's worth a Million; let me see it, and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see-it! (*Opening the Letter.*) She be a jilt!--damn her, she is one---there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! then I'll travel in good earnest---By all my hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* hand?

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly---'tis no more like *Melinda's* character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* contrivance to draw a *Brazen* for a Husband---But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you

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you just now, that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon *Kite*. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* lend his Daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same, the other fragments I shew'd you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious Heresie of believing that angelick creature cou'd change: Poor *Silvia*!

Wor. Rich *Silvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha,—Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Silvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes—but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her Sex.

*By some the Sex is blam'd without design,
Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.
Others the justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting merit to create esteem,
Wou'd hide their own defects by cens'ring them.
But they secure in their all-conqu'ring charms
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms,
He magnifies their conquests who complains,
For none wou'd struggle were they not in chains.* (Exeunt.)



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ACT V.

SCENE, *Justice Ballance's house.*

Enter Ballance and Scale.

S C A L E.

ay 'tis not to be born, Mr. *Ballance*.

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part I shall be tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad, we may give them some grains of allowance at

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Te-
st, and if I mistake not, her Mother nurs'd a Child for
—Shall they debauch our Daughters to our faces?

Ball. Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the
very of these Officers, we shou'd have *French Dra-*
gons among us, that would leave us neither liberty,
property, Wives, nor Daughters.—Come, Mr. *Scale*,
Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they
continue so; the same heat that stirs them up to love,
send them on to battel: You never knew a great Gene-
ral your life, that did not love a Whore. This I only
say in reference to Captain *Plume* --- for the other
I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that do's—Oh here
they come!

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Enter Silvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners, Constable and Mob.

Const. May it please your Worships, we took them the very act, *re infecta*, Sir—The Gentleman in behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his sword again—Wait without. [*Ex. Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry, [*To Silvia*] to know a Gentleman upon such terms that the occasion of our meeting shou'd prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Sil. Sir, you need make no apology for your rant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—Innocence is upon an equal foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence? have not you seduc'd that young Maid?

Sil. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bull. So she did I'll swear—for she propos'd marriage first.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child? (*To Rose*)

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witnecs?

Bull. That was I—I danc'd, threw the stockings, spoke jokes by their bed side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! we are Soldiers, and want no minister—They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool—Your appearance promises some understanding; pray what does this low mean?

Sil. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under Sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest; among Soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our sword you know

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honour, that we lay down—The Hero jumps first, and the Amazon after—Leap Rogue, follow Whore—The drum beats a ruff, and so to Bed; all; the ceremony is concise.

And the prettiest ceremony so full of pastime prodigality—

What! are you a Soldier?

Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me a cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Take it. (*Strikes him over the head.*) Pray, Sir, Commission may your bear? (*To Silvia.*)

I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffymen, rvers, Whores, and Groom-porters in London; for wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien troussé*: a martial in my cravat, a fierce knot in my Perriwig, a upon my button, piquet in my head, and dice in pocket.

Your name; pray Sir.

Capt. *Pinch*: I cock my hat with a pinch, I take with a pinch, pay my Whores with a pinch. In I can do any thing at a pinch, but fight and fill belly.

And pray, Sir. what brought you into *Shrop-*

A pinch, Sir. I knew you country Gentleman wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen money, and so—

I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable—

Enter Constable.

this Gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for did me no hurt; he's the most harmless Man in the id, for all he talks so.

Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you.

What, Gentlemen! rob me of my freedom, my Wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went

Ball.

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Ball. Hear'ke, Constable.

Const. It shall be done. Sir—Come along, Sir.

(*Exeunt Const Bullock and Silvia*)

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark presently.

SCENE, Melinda's Apartment

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis ten exact

And, pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be charms variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*; I am not so fond of variety, as to travel for't; nor do I think it prudent in you to run your self into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasures, which at best never answer expectation; as 'tis evident from the example of most Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasure I may receive abroad is indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling great while; I fancy if we made up our accounts, you shou'd the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, affiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole

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A Year! Oh!
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em. [*Aside.*]

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Madam, t
I am going t
ousin *Silvia*;
till I have a
I dare not h
My Coach
mount your o
be overtake
you, we shan
I'll endeavour

without any payment.

A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy*! what you owe to me be paid under a seven years servitude: How did me the year before, when taking the advantage innocence and necessity, you wou'd have made Mistress, that is, your Slave—Remember the insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, pretences; then your impudent behaviour, expressions, familiar Letters, rude visits; Remember those those, Mr. *Worthy*.

I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam,

Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your interest thou'd forget: You have been barbarous to me, I been cruel to you; put that and that together, and ballance the other—Now if you will begin upon score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and be your self handsomely till Lent be over, here's my I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd may this be my poison. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Enter a Servant.

Madam, the Coach is at the door.

I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* country house to see Cousin *Silvia*; I have done her an injury, and can't till I have ask'd her pardon.

I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you My Coach is full; but if you will be so gallant mount your own horses and follow us, we shall be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* you, we shan't have the worse reception.

I'll endeavour it. (*Exit leading Melinda.*)

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Market-Place.**Enter Plume and Kite.*

Plume. A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, and a Butcher—I believe the first Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his hands full for we have two Sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragons—Have we ne'er a Poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a Goose or a Turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir. I must go look after the Men. (Exit)

Enter Brazen reading a Letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! give me a buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear: What hast got in thy hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pound; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service—Now, my dear, pray advise me, my head runs much upon architecture, shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd question—a Privateer or a Play-house? 'Twill require some consideration—Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear—for in the first place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume.

And so may a Play-house.
 But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.
 And so may a Play-house.
 But a Privateer may run upon the shallows.
 Not so often as a Play-house.
 But you know a Privateer may spring a leak.
 And I know that a Play-house may spring
 many.
 But suppose the Privateer come home with a
 booty, we shou'd never agree about our shares.
 'Tis just so in a Play-house—So, by my ad-
 vice, you shall fix upon a Privateer.
 Agreed— But if this twenty thousand shou'd
 be in specie—
 What twenty thousand;
 Heark'e. [Whispers.
 Marry'd!
 Presently. We're to meet about half a mile out
 down at the water-side—And so forth—[Reads.] *For*
you'd be known by any of Worthy's Friends, you must
leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which
*make me for ever yours—*Look'e there, my dear
 [Shews the bottom of the Letter to Plume.
 Melinda! and by this light, her own hand!—
 more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exact-
 ly now, you say?
 This minute I must be gone.
 Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.
 No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way,
 may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?
 By sight only.
 Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets.
 [Exit.

Enter Worthy.

To boot and saddle, Captain, you must mount.
 Whip and spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.
Wor.

30 THE RECRUITING

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; she's gone to visit *Silvia*, we are to mount and follow; and could we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both.

Plume. Don't trouble your head, *Melinda* has secured a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand—*Brazen* and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water-side, there to take boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now; she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—tell ye I saw *Melinda*'s hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to Justice *Ballance*'s Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water-side.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble your self to follow her, because her journey to Justice *Ballance*'s is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way.

Wor. How! her journey put off?

Plume. That is, her journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain---But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now I tell you, half a mile hence at the water-side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready---*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

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Plume. You'll f
by this time

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Kite. Pray who
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Conf. Nay, I

me, Brother,
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Kite. Ay, you
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Conf. Adso! t

command.

Kite. Silence.

Conf. Ay, ay

Kite. Silence.

(S
Conf. That's

What d'ye

W. Not an inch---I shall return presently. [*Exit.*
W. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are
 by this time, and I must attend them.

C E N E, *A Court of Justice :*
Ballance, Scale, and Scruple
upon the Bench: Constable;
Kite, Mob.

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray who are those honourable Gentlemen upon
 the Bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the
 right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the left is Justice *Scruple*;
 I am Mr. *Constable*, four very honest Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient Servant.
 [*Addressing the Constable.*] I fancy, Sir, that your em-
 ployment and mine are much the same; for my business
 is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock
 them down: and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my self---of the Militia---
 Brother, you shall see me exercise. Suppose
 I am musket now. Now I am shoulder'd.

(*Put's his staff on's right shoulder.*)

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a Con-
 stable's staff, but for a Musket you must put it on the
 other shoulder, my dear.

Const. Adso! that's true---Come, now give the word
 of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will---we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, silence!

(*Strikes him over the head with his Halbard.*)

Const. That's the way to silence a Man with a wit-
 ness---What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite.

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Kite Only to exercise you, Sir.

Const. Your Exercise differs so from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Ser. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Prisoners—Here, that Fellow there—Set him up—*Mr. Constable*, what have you to say against this Man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an't please you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an't please your Worship

Scale. Did not the contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an't please ye, I can't read.

Ser. A very pretty Constable truly—I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being Counsel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak, we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him, and the Army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer, he's five foot ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* round with any Man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lye, Sirrah, you lye, an please your Worship, he's the best natut'd pains-taking'st Man in the Parish, witness my five poor Children.

Ser. A Wife! and five Children! You Constable, you Rogue, how durst you impress a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Ser.

Scale. Dischar

Ball. Hold,

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Ball. A Gun

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Scale Discharge him : discharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen—Heark'e Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children ?

Plume. They live upon wild fowl and venison, Sir, the Husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridge within five mile round.

Ball. A Gun ! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't — He may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying to be sure

Ser. But his Wife and Children Mr. *Ballance* !

Wife. Ay, ay. that's the reason you wou'd send him away ; you know I have a Child every year, and you are afraid they shou'd come upon the Parish at last.

Plume Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Children this year, than six or seven the next: That Fellow upon his high feeding may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away ; for I won't lose my working time, if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Ball. Send that Woman to the house of correction--and the Man—

Kite. I'll take care o'him, if you please. [*Takes him down.*]

Scale. Here, you, Constable, the next—Set up that black fac'd Fellow, he has a gunpowder look ; what can you say against this Man, Constable.

Const. Nothing but that he is a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company for the novelty's sake.

Ball. What are you, Friend ?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Cole-pits.

Ser. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a trade ; and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to imprison no Man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible means of livelihood, for he works under ground.

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Plume. Well said, *Kite* ; besides, the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an order of Government for't, we cou'd raité you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under ground like Moles, and do more service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scr. Well, Friend, what have you to say for your self ?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman ?

Wom. I'm marry'd in conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship she's with Child in conscience.

Scale Who marry'd you, Mistress ?

Wom. My Husband—we agreed that I should call him Husband to avoid passing for a Whore, and that he shou'd call me Wife to shun going for a Soldier.

Scr. A very pretty Couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both ?

Plume. What say you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the woman ?

Kite Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there, of she has a mind to drown her self, we'll take care that no body shall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Constable, bring in my Man. [*Exit Constable.*] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, such as you ne'er listéd in your life. [*Enter Constable and Silvia.*] Oh! my friend *Pinch*, I am very glad to see you.

Sil. Well, Sir, and what then ?

Scale. What then! Is that your respect to the Bench ?

Sil. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scr. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier,

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Conf.

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Conf. A Who

Ball. What t

Plume. I think

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Silv. Me for a

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Al. 'Tis false—

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Ball. He's certa

ides of War.

Al. Hold once

ank ; suppose

rate ?

Conf. A Whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to

All. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

All. Me for a Soldier! Send your own lazy lubber-Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their necks every in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Conf. May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the door to swear a Rape against this Rogue.

All. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd both yesterday.

All. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll oblige him listed immediately.

[Plume reads *Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion.*]

All. Hold, Sir—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any offence you offer to me; and you, Mr. Ballance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that you made in your life.

All. You have made a fine speech, good Captain; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

All. 'Tis false—I am descended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any on your Bench, and I am Heir to twelve hundred a year.

All. He's certainly mad—Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

All. Hold once more—Pray, Mr. Ballance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, wou'd you use me thus?

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Ball. No, faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the army afterwards.

Silv. But consider my Father, Sir, he's as good, generous, as brave as just a Man as ever serv'd his country, I'm his only Child, perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Ball. He's a very great fool if it does; Captain, you don't list him this minute I'll leave the Court.

Plume. *Kite*, do you distribute the Levy-money to the Men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir,—Silence, Gentlemen.

(*Plume reads the Articles of War*)

Ball. Very well; now Captain, let me beg the favour of you not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more an't please your Worship.

Ball. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Sil. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable the rest escape, for a bribe of eleven shillings a Man; because he said the Act allow'd him but ten, so the shilling was clear gains.

All. *Just.* How!

Sil. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for ten Guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is true and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it, give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man; but now find that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Ball. 'Tis my opinion that this Constable be put into the Captain's hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his ransom by to-morrow-night—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the Constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay, —Sir [*To the Constable.*] will you please

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you r [*Constable*]

Ball. Come, C

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Kite. Come, l

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Wor. Here, S

Braz. What!

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And now, Sir,

Wor. Fire yo

I am sure of

Will you have your office taken from you? Or will you hand-
sly lay down your staff, as your betters have done be-
is good, you? [*Constable drops his staff.*]
d his countenance. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great cere-
of me money in adjourning this Court—Captain, you shall dine
me.
Captain, Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you
Court. I believe without your taking the law of me.
money [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen leading in Lucy mask'd.

Worshipful. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a case of Pistols under his arm.

Wor. Here, Sir, take your choice.

(Going between 'em and offering them.)

Braz. What! Pistols! are they charg'd, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot Officer, my Dear, and never
pistols, the sword is my way—and I won't be put
of my road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither, so have at you. [*Cocks one Pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my dear. I don't care for Pistols—
may oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; damn
there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you han't your belly full of these, the
words shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then fire and fury! I have eaten smoak
from the mouth of a Cannon. Sir; don't think I fear
powder, for I live upon't. Let me see. [*Takes one*]
and now, Sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot
I am sure of you.

88 THE RECRUITING

Braz. Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon, I always fight upon a cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the strife. *(Unmask.)*

Wor. Lucy! Take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do—Huzza! *[Fires his Pistol.]* D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harrydan, how those bullets whistle? suppose they had been lodg'd in my gizzard now?

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, till I know whether my money be safe, *(Searching his Pockets)* Yes yes, I do pardon you; but if I had you in the *Rose Tavern*, *Convent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I would tell you another story my dear.

Wor. And was Melinda privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the Fortune-tellers last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came Melinda's journey to be put off?

Luc. At the Town's end she met Mr. Ballance's Steward, who told her that Mrs. Silvia was gone from her Father's, and no body cou'd tell whither.

Wor. Silvia gone from her Father's! This will bring news to Plume. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her.

SCENE, in Justice Ballance's house.

Enter Ballance with a napkin in his hand, as risen from dinner, and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, Sir, and

searching for her in the chamber that was my young
 her's, we found her cloaths there, but the suit that
 a cloak, person left in the press when he went to London was

(Unmask.) All. The white trim'd with silver!

Ans. The same.

[Fires his Pistol.] You han't told that circumstance to any body.

Harrydan. Ans. To none but your Worship.

een lodg'd. All. And be sure you don't; go into the dining room,

will Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Ans. I shall.

(Exit.

Whether my All. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her pro-
 yes, I do indeed, that she shou'd never dispose of her self
 vern, without my consent. I have consented with a witness,

, and threaten her away as my act and deed—And this I warrant,

her story, Captain thinks will pass? no, I shall never pardon

(Exit the Villany, first of robbing me of my Daughter,

then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think

a piece of I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon. Her extra-

h I put in that Passion might encourage her in the attempt, but

n. contrivance must be his—I'll know the truth pre-

be put off by—

lance's Ste-

e from her

Enter Plume.

is will beg, Captain, what have you done with your young
 Lady howe? Soldier?

(Exit Plume) He's at my quarters, I suppose with the rest
 my Men.

lance's All. Does he keep company with the common Sol-
 diers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

All. He lies with you, I presume?

and, as Plume. No, Faith. I offered him part of my bed—
 the young Rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain
 with her, I think, since he came to Town.

All. So that between you both, Rose has been finely
 Sir, and beg'd.

then

F 5

Plume,

90 THE RECRUITING

Plume. Upon my honour ; Sir , she had no harm from me.

Ball. All's safe I find—Now , Captain , you must know that the young Fellow's impudence in Court was well grounded ; he said I should heartily repent his being lifted , and so I do from my Soul.

Plum. Ay ! For what reason ?

Ball. Because he is no less than what he said he was born of as good a family as any in this County , and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—For I wanted but a Man of that quality to make my Company a perfect representative of the whole Commons of *England*.

Ball. Won't you discharge him ?

Plume. Not under an hundred pound sterling.

Ball. You shall have it , for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay , Sir , you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny , Sir , I value an obligation you much above an hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps , Sir , you shan't repent your generosity—Will you please to write his discharge in my Pocket Book ? (*Gives his Book,*) In the mean time , we'll see for the Gentleman. Who waits there ?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's lodging ; and enquire for Mr. W. *ful,* tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Serv. Sir , the Gentleman's below at the door , enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up — Here's the Discharge.

Ball. Sir , I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

I think ,
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as good a M
Plume. Sir , y
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liberty—I hav
Discharg
Ball. Yes , Si
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fect , than

Enter Silvia.

I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten, as good a Man as your Worship.

Sir, you must charge our want of respect on our ignorance of your Quality—but now you are liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Discharged me!

Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

My Father! then I am discover'd—Oh, Sir, [sighing] I expect no pardon.

Pardon! No, no, Child, your crime shall be your punishment. Here, Captain, I deliver her over to your conjugal power for her chastisement; since she will be your Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband—When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be civilly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably so; and use her worse than you wou'd any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

And are you *Silvia*, in good earnest?

Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, Sir.

And do you give her to me in good earnest?

If you please to take her, Sir.

Why then I have sav'd my legs and arms, and my liberty. Secure from wounds, I am prepar'd for gout; farewell subsistence, and welcome Taxes—my liberty, and hopes of being a General are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a year—fare you to your love, Madam, I resign my freedom, and (Alas!) your beauty my ambition—Greater in obeying at my feet, than commanding at the head of an Army.

Enter

92 THE RECRUITING

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Cousin *Silvia*?

Ball. Your Cousin *Silvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. & Wor. How!

Silv. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change; But, I hope, you'll excuse a change that hath proceeded from constancy. I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within, and only laid by the Woman to make sure of my Man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantick, Cousin, but since success has crown'd your adventures, you will have the world o' your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume. That injury, Madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, Sir, will go a great way—when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. *Laconick*.

Ball.

O F

Ball. 'Tis time
Ballance.

Braz. *Ballance*
now your whole
was Govern

Ball. Did you
Braz. Intimate
— You h
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— Ha, h
— forget him.

Plume. Well,
Are you still

Braz. No, n
— like to have
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Plume. But ha

Braz. Not a fl

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Life. Captain
— have persuad
— us; but yo

Silv. I find M
— fellow.

Life. Bedfello
— or not.

Silv. Don't b
— d with you

Ball. Pray, S
— something unde

— in her stead

Ball. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—My name, Sir,

Ballance.
Brax. *Ballance* ! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole Generation—had not you an Uncle who was Governour of the *Leeward* Islands some years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Brax. Intimately, Sir,—He play'd at Billiards to a miracle—You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Frigate—Poor *Dick*—he had the most engaging way with him—of making Punch—and then his Cabin was so neat—but his Boy *Jack*, was the most comical fellow—Ha, ha, ha, ha. a pick'd dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your project? Are you still for the Privateer?

Brax. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now and like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiser under false colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my dear?

Brax. Not a stick, my dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain. I have got loose once more; I have persuaded my Sweet-heart *Cart-wheel*. to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Ball. I find Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Ball. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleas'd with your company as you cou'd be with mine.

Ball. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Sister, she's something under-bred, but if you please, I'll lie with her in her stead.

Plume.

94 THE RECRUITING Officer.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl: Now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you, or shall I take care of her?

Silv. She shall be my charge, Sir, you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain, for wauns I if ever you lift your hand against me I'll desert.—

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o' that. My dear, instead of the twenty thousand Pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd, at the rate they cost me—My Commission I lay down to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune—whilst I endeavour by the example of this worthy Gentleman to serve my Queen and Country at home.

*With some regret I quit the active field,
Where Glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade with all its train,
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the matrimonial way.*

(*Exeunt.*)



Officer.
 ide for this
 upon you;
 may find it
 ns ! if ever
 at. My dear,
 k'd of, you
 ave rais'd,
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 deavour by
 o serve my

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladys and Gentlemen, that are willing
 to see the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Offi-*
 cer, let them repair to -morrow-night, by six a
 clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre Royal* in *Drury-*
 Lane, and they shall be kindly entertain'd—

*Scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come,
 While Europe now obeys the call of Drum.
 The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
 And beats up for a Corps of Volunteers.
 He finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
 And therefore chases Musick to invite ye.*

Beat the Granadeer March—Row, row, tow—
 Gentlemen, this piece of Musick, call'd an *Over-*
 ture to a *Battel*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian*
 Master, and was perform'd with wonderfull success,
 at the great *Operas* of *Vigo*, *Schellenberg*, and *Blein-*
 heim: it came off with the applause of all *Europe*,
 excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too
 rough for their delicatessè.

*Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
 Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
 That no Musick like the Granadeer's engages.*

Ladies, we must own that this musick of ours
 is not altogether so soft as *Bonancini's*; yet we dare as-
 sume, that it has laid more people asleep than all the
Amill's in the world; and you'll condescend to
 own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Ope-*
 ra that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March seems to be a composition
 excellently adapted to the genius of the *English*; for
 no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with

EPILOGUE.

So much alacrity; and with all deference to the present subscription, we must say that the Granadeer March has been subscrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: and we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratifie the present taste, our Author is now adapting some words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the Lady who is to sing should not happen to be sick.

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.*

E I N I S.



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